

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!

One of my favorite amusements, as a child, was attending court. Court was held three times a year in our county, and the sessions drew an audience that comprised most of the able bodied people for miles around. Farmers came to town in the morning, bringing their wives and children with them, and spent the day. Their buying, and selling, and trading were all a part of the incidental activities of court week. I can remember our noon dinner table during court, surrounded by countless and casual cousins from Greenbank and the Levels.

A bell in the tower of the Courthouse summoned the devotees. Everyone came. Even the dogs made a point of being present. A water spaniel, belonging to a friend of mine, answered every tolling of that bell, whether his family went or not. Whenever the Courthouse bell rang, he hurried to the Courtroom. He even attended Teacher's Institute until those meetings were moved to the High School. He finally came to be looked upon as an honored member of the Bar.

No wonder Court was an integral part of my life, and the life of my friends: Our fathers were lawyers; our uncles, clerks; and our sisters, stenographers. Our houses were grouped around the Courthouse. We were so close to that building and the adjacent jail that our voices carried easily from one to the other. Sometimes they carried too easily. An old man who had worked for us was frequently incarcerated because of his fondness for corn liquor. His cries from the jail window were audible, and usually efficacious. "Oh Lord, Oh Lord" He would wail. "Come and get me out of this place." My father and the Lord were both omnipotent in Bill's mind. - only my father was a more present,

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We used to bet on the outcome of the trials, and argue over our fathers' powers. Each believed her father to be more eloquent and more persuasive than the others. Since they were often opposed, defending and prosecuting, we were at war, too. One of my good friends and I battled over a murder case for years. And this day I don't care whether the man was acquitted or not, I still believe he killed his wife!

When we went to court we did not sit back in the benches provided for the on lookers. No sir, we sat up front with the lawyers. We were a part of the Court Women, Children and dogs, all cluttered up the bar. We were pretty well behaved, on the whole, quiet and attentive; but not so the dogs. Our Tackel, and Mr. Hill's Rowdy did not care for each other. They were both Airedales, somewhat elderly and set in their ways. In the midst of an important point in a case they were likely to start growling and stalk, stiff - legged, around each other. Sometimes the fight could be averted, but occasionally there was an added attraction in the Court Room - an honest to goodness dog fight. It was unfortunate, of course, when these little disturbances broke the continuity of a trial. It was after one such fracas that the judge threatened to fine my father and Mr. Hill for contempt of court if they brought those damn dogs into the Courtroom again. Poor Tackel! he had to be tied upon court days, thereafter. It nearly broke his heart.

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We were all secretly desirous of being called as witnesses. Once my hopes were almost realized. A man broke into our house one night and was about to set our house on fire when my sister surprised him. When he was tried I felt certain I would at last receive the coveted summons. I was the envy of my friends. But the trial was carried on, and a conviction secured, without my assistance. I was insulted; and besides my chinchilla coat, a variety of clothe, don't misunderstand me, which had been soaked with kerosene by the defendant, was kept in that condition as exhibit A, to be shown to the jury; and the kerosene smell never did come out.

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Of course, it might be supposed that our constant attendance in a courtroom would result in some damage to our character. Not so, the judge and the court, no doubt flattered by our frank admiration and regular attendance, kept a strict watch upon our morals. Whenever there was anything of a questionable nature to be introduced into the evidence the judge would make his announcement. "All ladies and children must leave the courtroom." And Annie Lange, the town hussy, was always the first to depart!

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Music - and the Child

I spent my childhood and grew up in a small town. That phrase, grew up, is literally true, for when I grew I didn't fool around with inches, I grew by the yard, and finally attained a mature height which is still regarded as phenomenal; and which is not altogether unrelated to my musical life, especially the recitals.

In that age and town no female of the species was regarded as a lady unless she had taken, or was taking, music lessons. By music lessons we meant piano lessons. The other musical instruments were sublimely disregarded. My mother, of course, was determined that my social attainments should compare favorably with my friends'. She was even ambitious for me. Once she told me that her joy would know no bounds if someday I could take cousin Grace's place at the Presbyterian Church and play for services!

The question of ability, or talent, or inclination did not enter into consideration. To the society of the town music lessons were in the same category with spelling lessons. They were a necessary part of every young girls training. To me, they were in the same class with calisthenics. Only, instead of taking them twice a year, I had a dose twice a week. The only time I laid a finger on the piano was during my half hour lessons. I did not practice; when my mother mentioned the piano, I took to the tree tops.

As the years go past I grow more and more certain that there is no music in my soul. My Aunt Ethel once told me of a relative of hers who said that he knew two tunes, one was Yankee Doodle and one wasn't. I'm not quite in that class. I do know the "Star Spangled Banner" when I hear it, and usually, if the melody is not too obscure I can recognize some of the current popular music. If I hear a piece of music about fifty times I can sing it. Of course, I provide variations not included in the original score, and I don't even know what "key" I am in when I am sure I am alone.

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Nevertheless, I took music lessons for six years. Every Tuesday and every Friday I dragged my music roll and my reluctant feet to Miss Shugro's studio, and endured a half hour of torture. Miss Shugro counted time while I played. I never played more than a few bars until I would make a mistake and have to start over again. As a result, I usually achieved a mechanical knowledge of the first part of the exercises, but I never knew anything about the ending. I would carry a sheet of music about with me until it finally wore out and went to pieces, but I never knew the last lines.

Miss Shugro once called her entire music class together and told us she had decided to give prizes at the end of the year for excellence in our work. She was sure that each of us could win a prize if she only tried. We were all talented, and with our natural gifts all we needed was a little practice. This special dispensation did not bother me at all. I went my usual way and finally spring, and the end of the musical year, arrived. One of my friends told me that each of us was going to receive a prize. To say that I was surprised is not adequate. My curiosity knew no bounds. To save my soul I could not think of any musical excellence of mine that would merit a prize. I gave it up, if Miss Shugro could think of a prize for me, she was an exceedingly smart lady.

Prize day came, and I received a prize for always being on time for my lessons!

The part of my musical education I hated most, the function that, to me, was an agony almost beyond endurance, was the yearly recital. On this superb occasion the town came to the Opera House en masse to hear us play.

An Opera House in a town of less than two thousand inhabitants is a distinct anachronism. The title, however, is not in any way, related to fact, but, since the gentleman who built the edifice thus fancifully dubbed it, it was always the "Opera House" to us. Now it houses some several chevrolats and serves as a garage, but it is still the Opera House. At different stages in its career it served in varied capacities. Originally stock companies performed there, and amateur theatricals were produced upon its stage. It was in the course of a rehearsal for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," to which I was lending my incomparable histrionic ability in the part of a big grey rat, that I saw in the shadow of the wings, a gentleman kiss a young lady. For years I waited for a surely forth coming marriage. I am still waiting! Basketball games were played there; the Amusu Theatre presented "The Diamond From the Sky" and "The Iron Claw," those worthy serials of an earlier day, within its portals. For a season it became a skating rink. When the Presbyterian Church was being rebuilt our services were held there and unfortunately, during the church era the signs of its former occupations still decorated the building. A cousin of mine from New York, accompanied my mother to church there one Sunday morning. Being possessed of a mad and devilish sense of humor he had to be led, choking, from the "church" upon whose walls he had read, "Don't spit on the Floor." "No reversing," "Twenty Cents an Hour," "No skidding on the corners." "No Drunks Allowed"! My mother was so embarrassed I doubt if she has ever forgiven him.

Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our loud and distant audience waited for

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Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our fond and doting parents waited out front for their prodigies to perform. The yearly program was arranged according to ability, the beginners appearing first and the more skilled players coming, by way of climax, at the end. Needless to say, I was always one of the first performers of the evening. Even when my contemporaries were presenting the grand finale, I, overgrown, awkward, suffering an agony of shyness, stumbled across the stage and played my little "Tra la la la." As the second on the program in a class of twenty odd. Those recitals did something to my soul. I find I cannot speak of them with levity; they left a permanent scar.

Finally, after six long years, and several fruitless rebellions at home, I took matters into my own hands. When I was excused from the school room to go to the studio, I left the schoolroom but, I never did reach my destination. I would hide for half an hour and read. When I was finally discovered, and the music in my life came to an abrupt but timely end, I was found behind the Episcopal Church reading "The Call of the Wild!"

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Pasteurized

For the last twenty years a battle has been raging in Marlinton. I don't mean that we inhabitants have been in a state of siege all that time. We have enjoyed periods of comparative quiet, usually during the winter months, when the skirmishing died down; but we have always known that permanent peace could never be ours. The question involved is of great magnitude and the issue is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Perennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is

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The town is divided; religion, politics and scandal take a back seat when the cow question comes up. Mrs. Martin is the leader of the anti-cow party, and Mr. Snow heads the pro-cow faction. These commanders are unforgiving, and uncompromising. Mrs. Martin and Mr. Snow haven't spoken for years. That is, they haven't spoken to each other; their loquaciousness on the burning

question, in other circles, increases daily. And their methods of proselyting are not always above reproach. Mrs. Alton, an Anti-dow of several years standing, was heard voicing decidedly pro-cow sentiments, recently. Her surprised neighbors investigated and the awful truth was revealed. Mrs. Alton had been the recipient of several gifts of cream from Mr. Snow!

The Pros, of course, are the cow owners. Naturally, they want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences

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A relative of ours from the city came to visit us one summer. One night he played bridge until past midnight with some friends down the street. When he started home the town was dark. Our town light company, assuming that all good citizens were at home

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and safe in their beds by midnight, cut off all the street lights at twelve o'clock. Any people who might be abroad after that late hour, should be ashamed of themselves, and glad to return home, unseen under cover of darkness. At any rate the young man started home, feeling his way along the fences. As he crept along the courthouse walk he stumbled and fell over a formidable and lively object, a suddenly awakened cow. His screams aroused the town.

I, myself, have never been a zealous supporter of either party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a

party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those timid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a cow for many years I recollect a delightful parade of my youth. My father led the procession, carrying the milk bucket; I followed, close upon his heels; Tackle, our lame Airedale dog, came next; and my two cats brought up the rear. We marched, morning and evening from our house to the barn. We all superintended the milking, and upon our return to the house assisted in the consumption of the milk. Our ritual never varied. The three bowls on the back porch and one in the kitchen were filled and emptied twice a day.

One summer, after I had been absent for the better part of a year, I casually remarked that the island in the bend of the creek was a picturesque spot; the cows grazing there lent an atmosphere of rural peace rarely found in a town the size of

Marlinton. I realized my mistake before the words were out of my mouth. The two Antis, who were in the car with me, close friends of mine from childhood, have been noticeably cool ever since. The situation, already tense, was not lightened when I had to stop the car at the next corner and wait while a cow took her leisurely way across the street.

Even when I am absent I am kept informed as to developments. The latest bulletin from the front carries surprising news. The cows themselves have taken up the issue now. Heretofore they have shown little interest in the affair, remaining calm and placid and unconcerned. But the constant bickering is beginning to tell. The cows are finally realizing that their far-famed contentment is threatened. They have taken steps. Mr. Barnell's Daisy, wilfully and with malice aforethought, on Tuesday last, had a calf in Mrs. Martin's front yard!

Memories of Alice Moore were written by Rev.

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As the years go past I grow more and more certain that there is no music in my soul. My Aunt Ethel once told me of a relative of hers who said that he knew two tunes, one was Yankee Doodle and one wasn't. I'm not quite in that class. I do know the "Star Spangled Banner" when I hear it, and usually, if the melody is not too obscure I can recognize some of the current popular music. If I hear a piece of music about fifty times I can sing it. Of course, I provide variations not included in the original score, and I don't even know what "key" means; but I can entertain myself when I am sure I am alone.

Nevertheless, I took music lessons for six years. Every Tuesday and every Friday I dragged my music roll and my reluctant feet to Miss Shugro's studio, and endured a half hour of torture. Miss Shugro counted time while I played. I never played more than a few bars until I would make a mistake and have to start over again. As a result, I usually achieved a mechanical knowledge of the first part of the exercises, but I never knew anything about the ending. I would carry a sheet of music about with me until it finally wore out and went to pieces, but I never knew the last lines.

Miss Shugro once called her entire music class together and told us she had decided to give prizes at the end of the year for excellence in our work. She was sure that each of us could win a prize if she only tried. We were all talented, and with our natural gifts all we needed was a little practice. This special dispensation did not bother me at all. I went my usual way and finally spring, and the end of the musical year, arrived. One of my friends told me that each of us was going to receive a prize. To say that I was surprised is not adequate. My curiosity knew no bounds. To save my soul I could not think of any musical excellence of mine that would merit a prize. I gave it up, if Miss Shugro could think of a prize for me, she was an exceedingly smart lady.

Prize day came, and I received a prize for always being on time for my lessons!

The part of my musical education I hated most, the function that, to me, was an agony almost beyond endurance, was the yearly recital. On this superb occasion the town came to the Opera House en masse to hear us play.

An Opera House in a town of less than two thousand inhabitants is a distinct anachronism. The title, however, is not in any way, related to fact, but, since the gentleman who built the edifice thus fancifully dubbed it, it was always the "Opera House" to us. Now it houses some several chevrolats and serves as a garage, but it is still the Opera House. At different stages in its career it served in varied capacities. Originally stock companies performed there, and amateur theatricals were prodeced upon its stage. It was in the course of a rehearsal for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," to which I was lending my incomparable histrionic ability in the part of a big grey rat, that I saw in the shadow of the wings, a gentleman kiss a young lady. For years I waited for a surely forth coming marriage. I am still waiting! Basketball games were played there; the Amusu Theatre presented "The Diamond From the Sky" and "The Iron Claw," those worthy serials of an earlier day, within its portals. For a season it became a skating rink. When the Presbyterian Church was being rebuilt our services were held there and unfortunately, during the church era the sigus of its former occupatations still decorated the building. A cousin of mine from New York, accompanied my mother to church there one Sunday morning. Being possesse of a mad and devilish sense of humor he had to be led, choking, from the "churc" upon whose walls he had read, "Don't spit on the Floor." "No reversing," "Twenty Cents an Hours," "No skidding on the corners." "No Drunks Allowed"! My mother was so embarrassed I doubt if she has ever forgiven him.

Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our land and sea forces waited to hear us.

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Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our fond and doting parents waited out front for their prodigies to perform. The yearly program was arranged according to ability the beginners appearing first and the more skilled players coming, by way of climax at the end. Needless to say, I was always one of the first performers of the evening. Even when my contemporaries were presenting the grand finale, I, overgrown, awkward, suffering an agony of shyness, stumbled across the stage and played my little "Tra la la la." As the second on the program in a class of twenty odd. Those recitals did something to my soul. I find I cannot speak of them with levity; they left a permanent scar.

Finally, after six long years, and several fruitless rebellions at home, I took matters into my own hands. When I was excused from the school room to go to the studio, I left the schoolroom but, I never did reach my destination. I would hide for half an hour and read. When I was finally discovered, and the music in my life came to an abrupt but timely end, I was found behind the Episcopal Church reading "The Call of the Wild!"

Page 1.

Pasteurized

For the last twenty years a battle has been raging in Marlinton. I don't mean that we inhabitants have been in a state of siege all that time. We have enjoyed periods of comparative quiet, usually during the winter months, when the skirmishing died down; but we have always known that permanent peace could never be ours. The question involved is of great magnitude and the issue is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Perennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is

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The town is divided; religion, politics and scandal take a back seat when the cow question comes up. Mrs. Martin is the leader of the anti-cow party, and Mr. Snow heads the pro-cow faction. These commanders are unforgiving, and uncompromising. Mrs. Martin and Mr. Snow haven't spoken for years. That is, they haven't spoken to each other; their loquaciousness on the burning

question, in other circles, increases daily. And their methods of proselyting are not always above reproach. Mrs. Alton, an Anti-dow of several years standing, was heard voicing decidedly pro-cow sentiments, recently. Her surprised neighbors investigated and the awful truth was revealed. Mrs. Alton had been the recipient of several gifts of cream from Mr. Snow!

The Pros, of course, are the cow owners. Naturally, they want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences

want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences surround their property. Gates are sometimes left open by careless people, and the indictment has been made, too, that several cows have opened gates themselves. Each time a resident arises in the morning and finds his spinach devoured, the Antis gain a convert, and the fighting breaks out afresh.

A relative of ours from the city came to visit us one summer. One night he played bridge until past midnight with some friends down the street. When he started home the town was dark. Our town light company, assuming that all good citizens were at home

Page 3. Pasteurized

and safe in their beds by midnight, cut off all the street lights at twelve o'clock. Any people who might be abroad after that late hour, should be ashamed of themselves, and glad to return home, unseen under cover of darkness. At any rate the young man started home, feeling his way along the fences. As he crept along the courthouse walk he stumbled and fell over a formidable and lively object, a suddenly awakened cow. His screams aroused the town.

I, myself, have never been a zealous supporter of either party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a

party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those timid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a cow for many years I recollect a delightful parade of my youth. My father led the procession, carrying the milk bucket; I followed, close upon his heels; Tackle, our lame Airedale dog, came next; and my two cats brought up the rear. We marched, morning and evening from our house to the barn. We all superintended the milking, and upon our return to the house assisted in the consumption of the milk. Our ritual never varied. The three bowls on the back porch and one in the kitchen were filled and emptied twice a day.

One summer, after I had been absent for the better part of a year, I casually remarked that the island in the bend of the creek was a picturesque spot; the cows grazing there lent an atmosphere of rural peace rarely found in a town the size of

Marlinton. I realized my mistake before the words were out of my mouth. The two Antis, who were in the car with me, close friends of mine from childhood, have been noticeably cool ever since. The situation, already tense, was not lightened when I had to stop the car at the next corner and wait while a cow took her leisurely way across the street.

Even when I am absent I am kept informed as to developments. The latest bulletin from the front carries surprising news. The cows themselves have taken up the issue now. Heretofore they have shown little interest in the affair, remaining calm and placid and unconcerned. But the constant bickering is beginning to tell. The cows are finally realizing that their far-famed contentment is threatened. They have taken steps. Mr. Barnell's Daisy, wilfully and with malice aforethought, on Tuesday last, had a calf in Mrs. Martin's front yard!

PART V

HISTORICAL DIVISION

PLAIN TALES OF MOUNTAIN TRAILS

I. The Midland Trail

II. The Seneca Trail

By ANDREW PRICE

President West Virginia Historical Society

Published under the auspices of the West Virginia Historical Society,
through the courtesy of the Editor and Compiler
of the Blue Book

1928

MAIN TALES OF MOUNTAIN TRAILS

I. The Mountain Trail

II. The Mountain Trail

III. The Mountain Trail

IV. The Mountain Trail

The Mountain Trail is a story of the life of a mountain man, and of the adventures he has on the trail. It is a story of the life of a mountain man, and of the adventures he has on the trail.

THE WEST VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

At the session of 1925, the Legislature passed a bill forming the "West Virginia Historical Society," making it a corporation and body politic. The bill was known as Senate Bill No. 376. It was introduced by Hon-Dennis M. Willis, a Senator from the Eleventh District, and was enacted into law the 24th of April, going into effect ninety days from its passage.

The act as it appears in the Acts of 1925, beginning on page 254, is as follows:

AN ACT to incorporate the trustees of scenic and historic places and objects in West Virginia; preserve and publish history of West Virginia; and to provide for and keep certain property of the state.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of West Virginia:

That there be created an organization to preserve and keep the natural scenery and historic places and objects of the state, and to preserve and publish the history of West Virginia.

Section 1. The governor shall appoint a body of fifty-five persons, each one of whom shall have been identified in some manner in the preservation of history in this state, to be selected for an indefinite term, and so that each county of the state shall have one member, to constitute a body politic and corporate under the name of the West Virginia Historical Society, which shall have the power to purchase out of money in any manner coming into its hands, receive, and hold by grant, devise, bequest, or otherwise in trust or in perpetuity, real and personal estate for the use of said corporation of a value not to exceed one million dollars. It shall also have the power to publish and preserve the written history of the state.

Section 2. Said society shall in its discretion make recommendations to counties and other municipalities as to the preservation and control of scenic and historic spots, especially as to marking such spots along the highways of the state.

Section 3. Such society shall have the power to purchase out of money in any manner coming into its hands, receive, or in any lawful manner acquire historic objects, memorable, or picturesque places in fee, or in trust, and to preserve and improve the same; *provided, however*, that admission to the public shall always be free unless otherwise expressly provided for by some subsequent act of the legislature.

Section 4. No member of such society shall have any interest in any contract in which money is to be expended by said society. Such society shall have no capital stock. It shall have no power to sell, mortgage, give away, or encumber its property.

Section 5. The officers shall consist of a president, a vice-president, six directors, and a secretary-treasurer, who shall be elected annually and hold office until their successors are chosen. No salary shall be paid to any officer or member except to the secretary-treasurer, and to him only when specifically appropriated by the legislature.

Section 6. Such society shall make reports from time to time to the legislature.

Section 7. Nothing in this act shall in anywise affect the department or bureau of archives and history or the property under its supervision and control.

Section 8. Vacancies occurring in the list of said society by death, resignation, removal from the state or otherwise, shall be filled by the governor.

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Act of the Legislature passed April 24, 1925

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BRAXTON—John D. Sutton, Sutton.
BROOKE—Dr. Cloyd Goodnight, Bethany.
CABELL—Boyd Jarrell, Huntington.
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MARION—Mrs. Samuel Leeper, Fairmont.
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PRESTON—J. C. Gibson, Kingwood.
PUTNAM—C. A. Forth, Hurricane.
RALEIGH—Mrs. W. H. Rardin, Beckley.
RANDOLPH—Claude W. Maxwell, Elkins.
RITCHIE—J. A. Wooddell, Pennsboro.
ROANE—W. H. Bishop, Spencer.
SUMMERS—Mrs. Princess Turner King, 805 N. Boulevard, Richmond, Va.
TAYLOR—Harry Kunst, Grafton.
TUCKER—Mrs. W. F. Lipscomb, Parsons.
TYLER—Mrs. Harrison W. Smith, Middlebourne.
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WAYNE—Miss Jenny Crum, West Moreland.
WEBSTER—William Waggy, Wainville.
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PART I

THE MIDLAND TRAIL

The Midland trail runs east and west, from the paw-paw to the pine,
The skyblue track on hill and dale—look at it loop and twine.
It follows the path of the minute men of the deadly flintlock gun,
The march that took them thirty days, you can make it in less than one.
They found it a howling wilderness, you whirl through a smiling land,
Where Crook fed his horses the standing crop, they greet you with waving hand.

Towns, woods, and field, by day and night, at dusk or in the dawn,
The eager car reels off the miles with the speed of a startled fawn.
So it is up and away, on the Height of Land, like the blue dust devils go—
The Sedan flees like an antlered buck, and the Ford like a barren doe!
Detour!

PREFACE

The Midland Trail has been a potent factor in the history of the United States. The geologist tells us that this is the oldest part of the nation since the continent rose from its last submergence. This great highway traverses this great peneplain and presents to the traveler the richest field on earth for the collector of the evidences of the upbuilding of the earth as shown by historical geology.

Here the New River breaks through the whole Appalachian range. Over this line of travel, General Andrew Lewis took his army and struck the first blow for the independence of the colonies. Here was the struggle which in the opening days of the Civil War determined the result of that appeal to arms.

When this highway was completed it was deemed proper for those who practiced the art of writing to turn to its inspiring history and to endeavor to make others feel the emotion that moved them. But we are a poor inarticulate race at the best and the efforts have not resulted in material worthy of the subject. That will have to come later. Some day a great singer will sing the song of the paw-paw and the pine.

The subject is inexhaustible. Every foot of the road furnishes a subject for a chapter. The following articles will be found to be in that strained condition that results when a poor orator has to keep one eye on his subject and the other on his reader.

ANDREW PRICE.

Marlinton, W. Va.

CHAPTER I

The Midland Trail over which Westward the Course of Empire took its way.

The Midland Trail is a restless place. It is a good deal like another trail in the north called Broadway, where people hurry to and fro. It is road number 3 cutting the State into two parts, after the manner New-Kanawha River first overcame the mountain barrier. Later on the Indians marked a trail, and perhaps the Kentucky buffalo made a trip through the rugged mountains to use the grass lands of the Valley of Virginia. Then the white men made a road called the James River & Kanawha Turnpike. Then the Virginians made the noble project of building a canal across the mountains, and they would have done so, too, but for the fact that the modern invention of the steam railway decreased the economic necessity of a water way from east to west. Then the C. & O. Railway crept across the divide and took away the dividends of the stage companies and the old pike fell into disuse except for local purposes. The pike had tackled mountains on the proved proposition that a straight line is the nearest way between two points. But the railroad had its limitations and it sought the grades along the stream. The railroad fixed the status of the State, for it came at a time when the natural resources of the State, especially its coal, were needed for the upbuilding of the Nation, and great cities like Huntington and Charleston and many other fine municipalities sprang up and flourished.

Then came the day of the new kind of wheel and the world commenced to sit on rubber pneumatic cushions and sew a finer seam, and then the old trail came back.

It appears that the commission was empowered to build roads and to give these roads names. The commission found it more convenient to give them numbers to begin with, but the more important highways began to get names, and the Midland Trail was the name that was placed on the old stage road, when it was broadened and surfaced and completed over mountain, hill, and dale.

It seems to me that I have always intended to travel this pike and see the wonders that the Lord hath made, but it was not until the year of grace, 1926, when I got a roving commission to go from county to county and talk to the hard-boiled professionals that go to make up the Institutes held during the summer time of the year that I had an opportunity to travel the road, and I cannot say that I saw everything that was to be seen, for I had to do the driving and the word has been passed around that he who drives the Midland Trail must keep his eye on the road every moment of the time. So the driver gets but fleeting glances.

It is about a hundred and eighty miles across the State of West Virginia by this highway, and about a hundred miles of it lies over the highlands through a rarefied atmosphere that is very grateful in the summer time, and the week I made the pilgrimage was said to have been unusually hot for any place or time. I know that I have never suffered

from heat as I did at that time when I violated the rule to keep well above the two thousand foot contour line during the warm months.

The Seneca Trail will give even a better respite from the summer heat to the restless horde for it will afford a journey through the State of one hundred and ninety-eight miles, all of it well above the point of suffocation. These two trails will cross at Lewisburg, and the time will come when to even a greater extent than now the lowlanders will come to the uplands when the dog star rages and run their cars around in circles with glad cries.

The lowlanders have good winter climates, but we have the world beat on the upper levels in the summer time.

As most everybody else has taken a shot at the Midland Trail, I felt that I ought to be allowed to set down some of my observations.

I have read most of these rhapsodies about the Midland Trail, but they do not begin to bring home the realization of the pure delight that the presence of the woods, fields and streams bring to you.

The longer I live and the more I think about it, the more I am convinced that West Virginia, the odd State, is a magic world of its own not like any other part of the world, and I believe that I have discovered the secret hid in its mountains. In every age and in every time since history has been kept, there have been serious thinkers who tried to read the riddle of the lost island of Atlantis, or as it has been called the Islands of the Blest.

All historians sooner or later acknowledge that the only really ancient records are the stones and the record kept in the markings on the rock. Millions of years ago a drop of rain falling on a surface prepared to record it, now shows where it fell when the stone is brought in for the pile.

And so I will now drag in geology by the hair of her head and tell you something that has not been advanced before and that is that West Virginia is Atlantis. You remember the story of the man in the book. He had plenty of money and no work to do, and he devoted some years of his life to discover a specimen of that rare bird known as a man-about-town. Finally he himself got his name in the papers by reason of having got run over by a street car, and there it was stated that he was a man-about-town. All that he needed in his search was the thought to glance in a looking-glass. So it is with you West Virginians who have given the identity of Atlantis a second thought. All you needed to know about Atlantis, was to look out of the window and you would have seen the wonder land.

Let us reason together. Let us bring to the hearing pure minds, clear consciences, understanding hearts, and retentive memories, fully prepared to claim everything that will redound to the honor and glory of West Virginia.

It is written in the rock and expounded by the geologist, that once upon a time, all of the Western Hemisphere was a sea except that rising from that gray and melancholy waste was an emerald isle whose boundaries were nearly that of West Virginia of today. It was in the carboniferous age, and there was a luxuriant growth of vegetation such as is not known today. Club moss, now perhaps three inches high, grew as

tall as hemlock trees, and other things in proportion, and the great coal deposits were formed and hid away for a future time and occasion. After some millions of years, this wonderful land was changed by the action of water. At first it was a great mass of rock, but in time erosion had reduced it to a base level called a peneplain, by which is meant a plain. It was tilted and sloped to the northwest, and on close inspection it was seamed and fissured with valleys through which the water ran to the sea. At a great height it would look like a level plain, but to those who dwelt upon its surface it seemed to be rugged and mountainous and anything but a plain. But the geologist is not deceived. He knows that it is the remnant of a great rock that once towered forty or fifty thousand feet above the surface of the water, and which has weathered down to its present form, still a plain but somewhat eroded.

This is the reason that you can look in the bottom of great valleys like that of the New River and the Elk River and other rivers and see rock stratas as level as the floor on the water line and then lift your eyes and see a thousand or more feet above you the crest of a mountain, and you know that it was wholly formed, cut out, and shaped by little drops of water. Time amounts to nothing with a mountain. After the lapse of some hundred million of years—to use that as a convenient round number—the mountain isle was ready to receive and support human life of divine origin. And that it when the supermen of Atlantis came into being.

The tradition is that the commonwealth of Atlantis was the most powerful and the best governed of any country under the sun. The men were the strongest, and the women the most beautiful. Its climate was equable. Its lands rich. Its waters the most pure. Its grass the greenest. In fact, it was a blue grass country. Sailing from its shores, the men of Atlantis conquered the world, save only and excepting Athens, whose men were left to tell the tale. Everything that was desirable was to be found in Atlantis, and it was the dream of the down-trodden European to sail away to the Islands of the Blest.

Sometime when I have more time, I will go into the details concerning Atlantis, to a fuller extent, but for the present, suffice it to say, that if you would cut away the later geological upheavals to the north, east, south, and west, of the Mountain State, that you would restore Atlantis, which as every one knew in those days of the dim red dawn of man, lay west of the Pillars of Hercules, which is now called Gibraltar.

The report that Atlantis had been sunk beneath the sea was not correct. What really happened was that on every side the earth trembled, and the continent of North America rose all around about it, and the ensuing heat, confusion, and torrential rain wholly destroyed the citizens of Atlantis, and it waited for another day and time, when Europeans would turn longing eyes to the west. There is no wonder that it could not be found when the ships were built that could traverse the Atlantic Ocean. Atlantis was hundreds of miles inland.

Sometime when we have time, it would be a delightful task to trace the limits of the acreage formed by erosion, as distinguished by that formed by sediment and that formed by folded strata. Then it is that we will know the limits of Atlantis famed in song and story.